

Monebasa,—to the leading philanthropists and pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity,—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number." We believe that, in response to this appeal, a mission has already been planted in the kingdom of Mtesa.

As far as possible in the march across the Continent a strict military discipline was maintained. While he lived, Frank Pocock acted as bugler, sounded the *reveille*, the advance, the halt, sometimes, unfortunately, the retreat, and inspiring the little army by his cheering notes. At night a breastwork was constructed, the treasures of the expedition placed in the centre, guards set, and the utmost vigilance observed. This, however, did not always prevent serious attacks by the enemy, and once they actually found themselves surrounded by a strong net, and the woods filled with a dangerous *cheveaux de frise* of prickly thorns.

Stanley's greatest and most important exploit was the descent of the Livingstone, or Congo River, for a thousand miles, to the Atlantic Ocean. It was a task of incredible toil and danger. His little army was increased during part of the time to nearly nine hundred, by the addition of seven hundred Arabs and camp followers. They had to run the gauntlet of cannibal tribes and perilous cataracts. The "Lady Alice" was launched, and a fleet of twenty-two large boats glided down the river to seek "the unknown." The capture of these canoes is a stirring story, but too long to tell. Seventy-four falls or cataracts were passed. These they were compelled to pass by portages, often in the face of infuriated bands of savages. Some of these portages were three miles through a tropical jungle, with an ascent of fifteen hundred feet. One took three days and three nights incessant labour to overcome—some working while others slept—a watchful foe meanwhile lurking in the forest, thirsting for their blood, hungering for their flesh. See also engravings on fourth and fifth pages.

The following story we find in the *Western Christian Advocate*. It says: "In connection with the pillage of Alexandria, a pleasant story is told of the rescue of a little white child, less than a year old, from the hands of a ruffian. An Egyptian convict was captured in the city, who bore on his forehead the brand of a murderer, and had been sentenced to penal servitude for life. When the English pointed their guns at him he drew an infant from beneath his mantle, and held it forward as a shield to his body, mocking the soldiers and challenging them to fire. Two of the soldiers left the ranks, and making their way amid the burning houses, came upon him in the rear and shot him. The child was saved and taken on board the warship "Inflexible." Soon after it was baptized with all ceremony, and received the name of Frederick Francis Inflexible, the Christian names in honour of Admiral Seymour, and the patronymic for the ship. The officers of the vessel propose taking charge of the education of this little waif."

## "THE MINUTE HAND OF THE CLOCK."

A GERMAN BOY'S ADVENTURE.

BY DAVID KER.



"KASPER, thou little rogue, how often shall I tell thee not to meddle with that clock?" "I was only watching the wheels go round, father," said a sturdy little fellow in a soiled leathern jacket, starting up with a half mischievous look in his blue eyes.

"And what hast thou to do with the wheels, eh? Suppose this clock is stopped or put wrong some day by one of thy tricks, what shall I, Hans Scheller, custodian of St. Martin's Church, say to the town council? Dost thou know what birch porridge is, thou rogue? Beware, or I'll give thee such a taste of it as shall make thee go round faster than the wheels."

Poor Hans was indeed kept in constant terror by his inquiring son's uncontrollable habit of going wherever he ought not. The old Church of St. Martin was a famous play-ground for any boy, with its shadowy aisles, and countless pillars, and tall towers, and deep niches, and half-ruined battlements; and the worthy custodian, when he awoke from his after-dinner nap in his little room at the front of the great clock tower, never knew whether he should find his hopeful boy hiding behind the organ bellows, playing hide-and-seek among the pinnacles of the roof, or sitting astride of a carved spout a hundred and sixty feet above the pavement.

All this, however might have been forgiven, for the old custodian was really as fond of his little rogue as the boy with all his wildness was of him. But the one thing that Hans could not pardon was the danger caused by his son's restless inquisitiveness to his beloved church clock. It was his pride and glory to be able to tell every one that during the whole forty years that he had been in charge of the "St. Martin's Kirche," the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing would convince him that it was not by far the finest clock in the whole world.

"Don't tell me, of the big clock of Strasburg Cathedral," he would say, with an obstinate shake of his grey head. "Could it go forty years on end, think you, without the slightest deviation? No, that it couldn't, nor any other clock on the face of the earth except this one."

Mindful of Kaspar's inquiring turn of mind, his father, having to do some marketing in the town the day after our hero's stolen visit to the clock, locked the door of the tower, and took the key along with him.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered and, in any case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kaspar, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked. But he was not one to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof, and crawling along a cornice where only a cat or a

school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air-hole right in the clock-room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy shop, running from one marvel to another, until at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again, it would not come.

It was such a queer scrape to be in that Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than be frightened, but suddenly a thought struck him which scared him in earnest; his neck was in the track of the minute-hand, which when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off!

Poor Kaspar! it was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his neck in that cramped position the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to writhe himself back through the hole; but a piece of wood-work had slipped down upon the back of his neck, and held him like a vice.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with its measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the while the sun was shining gayly, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market, and the merry voices of his school-fellows who were playing in the market place came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with Death stealing over him inch by inch. His head grew dizzy, and the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm outstretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward, nearer, nearer.

"What can that thing in the clock be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spy-glass upward. "Why, I declare it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head!" cried a grey-haired watch-maker beside him (one of Hans Scheller's special friends), snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious!" it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed! he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church, shouting like a mad-man.

The alarm spread like wild-fire, and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half-way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scampering at his heels. But at the top of the stair they were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the locked door.

"It's locked!" cried Klugmann in tones of horror, "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't here!"

"Never mind the key," roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam, comrades, and run it against the lock. All together now!"

Crash went the door, in rushed the crowd, and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute hand actually touched his neck, and so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home for a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a

swoon, and his little room crowded with strange men all talking at once.

But from that day forth Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.—*Harper's Young People.*

## FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

AS we know familiar voices,  
Every near and dear one's call  
Coming through the silent chambers,  
Waking echoes in the hall—  
So with instinct all unerring,  
Ever strengthening more and more,  
We can read the varied language  
Of the footsteps at the door!

Grandpa's faltering tread, now heavy  
With the weight of fruitful years,  
Nearing yonder golden city—  
Almost through this vale of tears;  
Steadfast feet that never loitered  
Bravely going on before;  
By and by we'll miss their music—  
Precious footsteps at the door!

Then, the patter of the children,  
Happy darlings! out and in,  
Like the butterflies and sunbeams,  
With no thought of care or sin;  
Little feet that need sure guiding  
Past the pitfalls on the shore,  
Lest they turn aside to mischief,  
Blessed footsteps at the door!

Then, the matron, glad and cheery,  
Hears her good man drawing nigh;  
And the children hear the mother  
As her busy footsteps fly.  
Household music! We all hear it,  
While we love it more and more,  
And we hope to welcome with it  
Angel footsteps at the door!

—Selected.

## THE BOY'S HEART.

GET hold of the boy's heart.  
Yonder locomotive comes like  
a whirlwind down the track,  
and a regiment of armed men might  
seek to arrest it in vain. It would  
crush them, and plunge unheeding on.  
But there is a little lever in its mechanism  
that at the pressure of a man's  
hand will slacken its speed, and in a  
moment or two bring it panting and  
still, like a whipped spaniel, at your  
feet. That sensitive and responsive  
spot by which a boy's life is controlled  
is his heart. With your grasp gently  
and firmly on that helm, you may pilot  
him whither you will. Never doubt  
that he has a heart. Bad and wilful  
boys very often have the tenderest  
hearts hidden away somewhere beneath  
incrustations of sin or behind barricades  
of pride. And it is your business to  
get at the heart, get hold of that heart,  
keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding  
in him, manifestly working only for his  
good by little indirect kindnesses to his  
mother or sister, or even his pet dog.  
See him at his home, or invite him into  
yours. Provide him some little  
pleasure, set him at some little service  
of trust for you; love him—love him  
practically. Any way and every way,  
rule him through his heart.—*Anon.*

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the  
British public is said to be peculiarly  
ignorant of Bible history. Says a  
recent writer on the subject: "I doubt  
if a fair per centage of the people to  
be met within the course of an hour's  
walk would get as near the order of  
the names of the books of the Old  
Testament as the little school girl in  
Somerset. This west country blossom  
of the School Board system was re-  
quested to name the earlier writings  
of the sacred text, which she did thus,  
and very fluently: 'Devonshire, Exe-  
ter, Liticus, Numbers, Astronomy,  
Jupiter, Jumbo, Ruth.'"